5: Grinnell Q,T-5 (ca.1888) 1962
NF6 Blackfoot NF6

ready, he goes outside the lodge and shouts the invitation, calling out each guest's name three times, saying that he is invited to eat, and concludes by announcing that a certain number of pipes — generally three — will be smoked. The guests having assembled, each one is served with a dish of food. Be the quantity large or small, it is all that he will get. If he does not eat it all, he may carry home what remains. The host does not eat with his guests. He cuts up some tobacco, and carefully mixes it with *l'herbe*, and when all have finished eating, he fills and lights a pipe, which is smoked and passed from one to another, beginning with the first man on his left. When the last person on the left of the host has smoked, the pipe is passed back around the circle to the one on the right of the door, and smoked to the left again. The guests do not all talk at once. When a person begins to speak, he expects every one to listen, and is never interrupted. During the day the topics for conversation are about the hunting, war, stories of strange adventures, besides a good deal of good-natured joking and chaffing. When the third and last pipeful of tobacco has been smoked, the host ostentatiously knocks out the ashes and says "*Kyi*," whereupon all the guests rise and file out. Seldom a day passed but each lodge-owner in camp gave from one to three feasts. In fact almost all a man did, when in camp, was to go from one of these gatherings to another.

A favorite pastime in the day was gambling with a small wheel called *it-se'-wah*. This wheel was about four inches in diameter, and had five spokes, on which were strung different-colored beads, made of bone or horn. A level, smooth piece of ground was selected, at each end of which was placed a log. At each end of the course were two men, who gambled against each other. A crowd always surrounded them, betting on the sides. The wheel was rolled along the course, and each man at the end whence it started, darted an arrow at it. The cast was made just before the

6: McFee E-4,5 (1959-1967) 1972 NF6 Blackfoot NF6

Carl attended the small public school near his childhood home followed by a few months at Browning High School. He dropped out because there was no bus service from his home to town at that time and it was hard to find a place to live in Browning. No one in his family can speak Blackfeet. He takes no interest in the more Indian social events, such as dancing, encampments, and stick games; his recreational activities center around card games and visiting with his family and neighbors along the creek during the winter. During the rest of the year he spends most of his spare time hunting. A few evenings are spent with his brother and a few friends in town, where they get a bottle and drive around in a car, stopping now and then for a few drinks. They usually end up at a friend's house where they play cards and "hang one on."

Carl, like some of the others, also seems to live in the present and think little about the future. He talks easily of the past, but with an air of detachment that puzzles me. He can relate a series of troubles and tragedies almost as if these things had happened to someone else. Is he a stoic, or is he carefully guarding his emotions from a stranger? His life conditions are extremely barren and harsh compared with mine. How can he appear so happy and satisfied with things as they are? Is it because he has neither known nor expects to know any other way? Yet he has had opportunities both on and off the reservation and in the army to meet others who live differently.

To probe into these questions, I asked about job opportunities on and off the reservation. What do the tribe and the bureau do to help people find work? "They are trying to attract industry to the reservation," he replied, "and are building programs for relocation and on-the-job training. None of these has produced much yet." His reply when asked whether or not he has considered relocation was that he had thought about it but never applied. "I don't have much trouble getting a job. Some of the fellows have gone on relocation and done all right. Others didn't like it and came home." The answers imply that he is doing well enough at seasonal work. There was no expression of dissatisfaction with his own subsistence pattern.

By my standards, eight people in two rooms is overcrowded, so I asked if there was any provision by either the tribe or the bureau to help a man if he wants to add onto or repair his home. "Yes, they have a setup for that," was the answer. "I guess we could get a loan like that if we needed it." This again seems an expression of satisfaction with the way things are. He recognizes no need for either more room or for repairs.

Carl has nothing to offer when asked about his future plans. I inferred that he would continue as he is. What culture pattern does he reflect—Indian or white? Or is his outlook a clue to a new subculture that has developed under reservation conditions? Is this a way of life related not so much to the reservation as to a more general American subcultural pattern that develops under conditions of deprivation, a way displayed here by a man who happens to be part Indian and who lives on an Indian reservation? This question will require further examination.

Robert Thompson was in town to get parts for a mower. His ranch is north of town and the prairie grass was about ready to be cut for hay. Robert appears to be about twenty-six years old, said he is married and has two children. He is ¼

6: McFee E-4,5 (1959-1967) 1972 NF6 Blackfoot NF6

Conference at Many Glaciers Lodge in Glacier National Park. Six of the governors who visited the encampment were honored by adoption and given names, and the Governor of Virginia was selected to respond for the others. He began by remarking that the people of Virginia felt a special and warm regard for the Indians. "If it had not been for the help of the Indians the Jamestown settlement would not have survived that first winter." A Blackfeet standing beside me gave me a dig in the ribs with his elbow and said, "that's the day we lost the war."

The encampment also provides the opportunity for other forms of social expression. Medicine bundles are opened with attendant prayers, dances, and face-painting. Men may be "captured" to become members of the Dog society, an honor that must be paid for in goods or cash. People visit from tepee to tepee, drink coffee, eat, and talk. Sometimes one or more of the elderly Indian-oriented leaders will provide a lunch of boiled beef, bread, salad, doughnuts, cookies, cake, and coffee to all who wish to come.

By midafternoon a stick game or two gets under way near one of the concesion booths behind the tent area and usually continues until dawn. Sometimes known as the "hand game," this is a popular and widely known Indian gambling game. All that is required is space, two poles, planks, or timbers placed about three feet apart parallel to each other, two "bones," or short wooden cylinders about ½ inch in diameter and two inches long, one banded and the other plain, and some plain sticks about ten to twelve inches long, usually ten to a side to use as markers. Two teams line up facing each other behind each pole. One person starts the game by intently shuffling, showing, and after many flourishes hiding the bones, one in each hand. His team chants and drums with sticks on the pole in front of them to give him support and to confuse the opposition during the hiding. Finally he extends his hands so that one of the players on the other side can choose by one of several signs which hand holds the unmarked bone. If the "guesser" fails to choose correctly, his side forfeits one of their marker sticks and the "hider" tries again; if he guesses correctly, the bones and roles change sides. The game is over when one side wins all of the marker sticks. Bets between individuals, both participants and onlookers, are placed before the game begins and other bets are made frequently on the results of individual guesses. There are many variations in the procedure that I have not mastered. A bettor gets a lot of action for his money whether he fully understands what is happening or not. The drumming, chanting, joking, as well as the strain of waiting for the outcome of a game in which large sums of money are at stake, contribute to an exciting time.

People spend the rest of the time during the encampment doing the necessary chores of camp living and enjoying the pastimes appropriate to sex and age—the children play games, older people work on costumes, play blackjack, visit, loaf, or go into town.

In spite of this being a community enterprise with fairly large crowds that are attracted to it, the people in relatively continuous attendance are the Indian-oriented. The people who camp on the grounds and participate in the festivities include and appear to be like the men I interviewed and classed as Indian-oriented. In retrospect, I would sort the onlookers into four categories: (a) Indian-oriented spectators from many parts of the reservation who spend much time on

8: Ewers E,G-4,5 (1941-1951) 1971 NF6 Blackfoot NF6

winning horse was often fifty to one hundred yards in the lead. Sometimes one horse played out and was not able to finish. Rarely was it a close race all the way.

After the race the gleeful winners claimed the articles they had won. If a loser protested that the race had not been fair, men of the winning society knocked him down and rubbed dirt or manure on him. With the winning horse in the lead, the victorious society marched back to camp, once around the camp circle, and stopped at the lodge of the leader. The winning horse was entrusted to the care of an old man, who picketed it near the lodge and sang to it. The men of the winning society sang, danced, and rejoiced late into the night.

Members of the losing society might consider this a good time to organize a raiding party in quest of a fast horse from an enemy camp—one that would enable them to turn the tables on their rivals the next summer.[10]

Certainly the fun-loving Blackfeet had no dearth of recreational opportunities, active or sedentary, summer or winter. Nor were their activities confined to the daytime. At night the Indians gathered for social dances. Usually the women sat on one side, the men opposite them, with three or four drummers in the center. As the drummers beat a lively rhythm on their tambourine-like instruments, individuals rose and danced about, bending their knees, stomping their feet, and swaying their bodies gracefully in time to the music.

They whiled away the long winter nights with story-telling. Many of the older men were masters of the art of telling a good story, and their repertory was both extensive and varied. There were myths of the stars, of Napi's amusing adventures, and of the origins of sacred rituals and common customs. There were tales of animals and of the heroic deeds of Blackfoot warriors in their conflicts with many enemies. Some of these stories were humorous, even vulgar; some were educational and inspirational.

[10] Ewers, "Horse in Blackfoot Indian Culture," B.A.E. *Bull.* 159, 227-34. The popular intersociety horse races ended with the breakdown of Blackfoot men's societies in the 1870's.

9: Ewers E,G-4,5 (1941-1951) 1955 NF6 Blackfoot NF6

THE HORSE IN RECREATION

The horse played a prominent role in the leisure time activities of Blackfoot children and adults in 19th century buffalo days.

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THE HORSE IN CHILDREN'S PLAY

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Some of the toys of Blackfoot children were designed to help them imitate the daily activities of their elders in their play. Bradley (1923, p. 275) reported that girls "built miniature lodges, collected bundles of wood and made travails." The little lodges, travois and other small-scale reproductions of camp equipment were packed on toy horses in playing "moving camp." The conventionalized horse was a forked stick, the basal end of which was pushed into the ground to support the travois and equipment when not being moved (fig. 31). Girls aged about 6 to 9 years engaged in this play, as recently as ca. 1910.

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FIGURE 31.—Blackfoot girl playing "moving camp," with a conventionalized stick horse, doll, and miniature lodge and household equipment.

11: Goldfrank E-4,5 (1939) 1966 NF6 Blackfoot NF6 Blood

The Blood not only failed to apply for their full allotment, they even cared inadequately for those cattle issued them. In the winter of 1878, the Government was forced to hire four men at a cost of $250 a month to look after the Blackfoot herds.[79] The first winters on the reserve were harsh.[80] Rations were insufficient. To ward off starvation, the Blood ate mice, dogs, even buffalo skins. The cattle were surreptitiously slaughtered. In a few years, most of the animals issued under the Treaty of 1877 had disappeared. What remained in the herd of the Indian Department was cheerfully sold in 1884–5, removing "another source of expense and anxiety."[81]

It has frequently been said that these Indians of the Plains did not accept the government programs because they were so wedded to their nomadic life that they could not be persuaded to settle down and farm or look after their cows. A review of the official reports makes their lack of cooperation patent; but it also lends reason to their attitude. Cultivation of recommended but climatically unsuitable plants was one long headache. Nor could the milk of two cows, or their slow and uncertain increase, be expected to induce a family that had depended upon the hunt to give up the few pleasures of their former nomadism that still remained to them—visits to friends, rodeos, and the social compensations of the Sun Dance. The Blood accepted relief while they clung tenaciously to whatever could be salvaged from their former life.

The rations issued by the Government assured equality to the Blood, but on a meagre subsistence level. The outlawing of raiding, on the other hand, froze the "horse wealth," and those who had horse herds in 1877 were able to maintain them. In fact, barring accident, disease, or theft, these horse owners could expect a natural and, frequently, a substantial increase. This increase became the sole important source of accumulated wealth while initiative that had found expression in the old manner of life was blocked by poor rewards and legal prohibitions.

MOBILITY.—The uncertain balance of the pre-reserve days was thrown further out of joint. The Canadian administration was now responsible for tribal welfare, and a tribal leader's need to share his wealth to win loyal support was less urgent. The settled living, the small unproductive farms and few cattle made even a good worker a luxury. Only the rich man with

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[79] 1879, Vol. 6, No. 7, p. 67. The term Blackfoot is used here. It is not clear whether this is an inclusive term for all the tribes, or only for the North Blackfoot. The former seems more reasonable.

[80] W. J. Waines (*Problems of the Drought Area in Western Canada*, p. 206) writes, "Evidence suggests that during the period 1883–96 there were years in which the precipitation was as low as it has been since 1929, and that there was in addition considerable frost damage."

[81] 1884, Vol. 3, No. 4, p. 83.

184 177 565 non-Indian. They know little or nothing of Indian language or customs, and do not take part in Indian social activities. Secondly, the low status white-oriented person has the knowledge and habits of his group. He is a peripheral participant in the economic, political, and social life of his community. Those who work are rewarded with the accolade, "a good worker," which puts them on a rung above the improvident on the status ladder. But they have little influence or social standing. Low status people do not run for political offices, they are neither members of service clubs or other organizations, nor do they take part in the P.T.A., Youth Club, Boy or Girl Scout, or 4-H Club work. Low status persons spend their spare time with members of their families or [517] with others of similar status. Reported recreational activities include hunting and fishing, card games with neighbors or family, an occasional movie, and much time spent in driving around in a car with friends, having a few drinks, and ending up at someone's house to play cards and "hang one on."

Low income, irregular labor, and limited participation are the interrelated characteristics that most clearly separate the low from the middle status. Lack of training contributes to a low income; poverty, in turn, limits both self-improvement and social participation.

Middle Status, White-Oriented

This subdivision includes the majority of the white-oriented group and, in reality, is more a convenient collection of a series of gradually changing ranks than it is a single status position.[189] The

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[189] Fourteen of the white-oriented cases were judged to be middle status: Numbers 2, 3, 5, 6, 7, 13, 21, 25, 31, 34, 38, 42, 45, and 46.

16: Hanks & Hanks E,P-4,5 (1938-1941) 1950
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Northern Blackfoot
Blackfoot Reserve

defying the police to bring him to justice. Other forms of defiance that showed courage according to Indian ideas were shooting cattle, stealing whiskey, and disobeying white injunctions to remain on the reserve.

Even more disconcerting for the whites than these minor forays was the second Riel uprising of 1885. The white population was outnumbered, especially if all the Indians of the Northwest were to unite. It did not know the country so well, and had less to lose by defeat. Panic seized the whites and volunteer brigades were organized in all towns for defence. When the Cree chief Poundmaker sent an emissary to Crowfoot asking for help, white officials held their breath. Rations were increased, and extra merchandise was distributed to pacify the Blackfoot. Father Lacombe was sent to exert his influence on Crowfoot. To the great relief of all concerned Crowfoot refused to co-operate with the Crees, saying, "This is your war. We have made peace with the whites." Wishing to benefit by Blackfoot loyalty, a few whites suggested inducing the Blackfoot to rekindle their latent hostility toward the Crees and join forces with the government. Though it would not have been difficult to enlist the services of many, the conservative white leaders, fearing that the Blackfoot might not stop fighting after having put down the insurgents, refused permission.

For the most part the rebellion passed the reserve quietly. Parents used it as a pretext to withdraw their children from the newly-founded missionary school, and some chiefs showed their sympathetic generosity by caring for a little group of Cree women and children which had escaped from the battle zone in the north. Rested and comforted, many of the refugees went on to the United States, but some remained with the Blackfoot. A few with their descendants, even though always specified as Crees, live on the reserve today, and have married Blackfoot. Crowfoot's trip in 1887 to Ottawa on the new railway was ordered by the government largely in appreciation of Blackfoot loyalty to the government during the Riel uprising. The well-phrased words that Father Lacombe translated to the velvet-coated officials convinced all that Her Majesty's munificence had not been wasted on an unappreciative savage.

Those who did not try the warpath as a means for showing their worth turned to a new kind of competition. With food issued weekly, and the old activities of hunting unnecessary or impossible, the Indians found themselves with time on their hands. In former days these were the occasions for dancing and celebration. Consequently,

16: Hanks & Hanks E,P-4,5 (1938-1941) 1950
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Northern Blackfoot
Blackfoot Reserve

tourists, and occasionally carouse. The more conservative Indians eschew the Stampede. Forming a caravan of wagons "like old times," they proceed slowly to the Blood reserve. They pitch their tents on the gentle slope before Belly Butte to witness and rejoice in the Sun Dance of the Blood Indians.

By the end of July most have returned to the reserve. Food boxes empty and money gone, they must again turn to earning a living. Clusters of tents where a man and his brothers have joined to mow the prairie grass and haul it to the stock farm for feeding the calves in the coming winter are pitched for two or three weeks across the highlands of the reserve. It is hard but not unpleasant work. Saturday is pay-day. Immediately a hand game starts in one of the tents; night and day the whole week-end the drum-throb resounds with brief intermission across the range. On Sundays a big crowd from all over the reserve convenes for horse-races on a great plain where the men bet down to their last quarter on the bay or sorrel.

In the meantime others are busy stacking the bundles of rye and oats behind the mowers, happy in their luck to have the crop cut before it was destroyed by a sudden hail-storm. By September when the children have returned to the schools, the wheat is ready to harvest. Farmers eagerly await the threshing machine, so their crops may be finished early. Others are charged with moving the main herd of cattle to the winter feeding ground, while a lowing mass of calves is prodded into the corrals for wintering.

With farm work done, a tide of workers flows to the coal-mines. Some bring their families and move for the whole winter into the village of shacks that lies on the flat before the mine shaft. Others leave their families behind and don the miner's cap for a few weeks only. In full production scores of loads weigh in each week and are driven off to town. After work on Saturdays some people go to the movies in town, though many remain, crowding thirty or forty strong into one of the houses for a Deer Dance or a hand game.

By the time the first flurries of snow blow in from the west, the old people are settled in one of the clusters of log houses along the river. There, with rations, occasional money from the slaughter of a beef, and near to wood and water, they pass the winter with congenial friends who listen again to stories of a war party to the Crows. Certain younger man, hankering after a pool game in town, a bottle

16: Hanks & Hanks E,P-4,5 (1938-1941) 1950
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Northern Blackfoot
Blackfoot Reserve

of bundles. Formerly these bundles were held for life by relatively old men, but today younger men own them for short periods of a few years. This reflects the general competition to own sacred objects, and the Beaver Bundles, though formerly outside this competition, have entered it today. In keeping with this interest, the number of bundles on the reserve has been increased from two to five, since three were imported from other Blackfoot-speaking reserves. Furthermore, rivalry between owners has led to the holding of two or more simultaneous Tobacco Dances at various parts of the reserve, instead of the single ceremony with two or more bundles as in the past.

Vows of sacrifice in return for supernatural assistance during time of crisis continues as in the past to be an important function of ceremonial life. While the wealthier participate in the expensive Sun Dance, Horn Society and Old Women's Society, there is a galaxy of less expensive vows for the poor. Vows to assist the important ceremonies in minor capacities are usually filled. Deer and Ghost dances flourish. In addition to their traditional function, sociability and recreation are also an important purpose, for all of these vows imply participation in gatherings of people. These continue to be good, gay times for people, and the less expensive membership requirements of the Tobacco Dance society give opportunity for many to join. Perhaps the loss of interest in a Medicine Pipe on the Blackfoot reserve may be explained by the fact that its ceremonies were never occasions for large celebrations with many people. In addition the cost of a Medicine Pipe has risen to an almost prohibitive price. Finally, all these ceremonials, but especially the Sun Dance and Tobacco Dance, reaffirm solidarity with the past. They offer the opportunities for dressing in Indian costume, for being in a tipi, for hearing familiar sounds; only then is the old life renewed with the camp announcers who shout orders around the camp circle, the boys that sing through the night, the men and women who sing praise songs at dawn. Though all other aspects of life may have changed, the ceremonial details continue. Old people, previously too sick to sit erect, insist on attending the Sun Dance and the Tobacco Dance, happy if they can die there. For the very old an element of sadness also enters, for it reminds them of deceased comrades, and they feel lonely. One man expressed this in the following way: "I feel bad when I talk about war deeds. I do not like to talk about them because I feel lonely for those people who are now dead. Next year at the Sun Dance I am going to put up a tent just for old people to tell their stories."

19: Forde E-4 (no date) 1952 NF6 Blackfoot NF6

554 [576] [181] at meetings and many other matters of precedence, all of which were observed most scrupulously. Rigid rules of etiquette and ceremonial procedure affected all sides of the social life of the Blackfoot and gave it a highly formalized aspect, characteristic of the Plains and surprising among a people of apparently simple economy.

181 [224] [517] But the Blackfoot and other Plains Indians are a hunting people among whom special conditions existed. They had a very rich source of food supply in the bison herds. Between the periods of intensive hunting they had considerable leisure, which on account of their nomadism could be applied only to a limited extent to arts and crafts, and appears to have been devoted largely to the elaboration of ceremonial which affected [177] every aspect of their life. They occupied a very wide tract of open country, across which travel was easy, so that every tribe made many contacts with its neighbours on a wide front and over what were, for a food gathering people, very large areas. [231] Finally, they had acquired a domestic animal from a higher civilization which gave them unusual opportunity for satisfying their need and opportunity for mobility. The western Plains thus form a very large area of surprisingly uniform and complex culture of hunting peoples diverse in origin, among whom new concepts and fashions spread with great rapidity to the limits of the area, but nearly always stopped short where the mobile hunting life was itself arrested.

[pgs. 69-474 not processed]

20: Hungry Wolf I-4,5 (no date) 1980
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

standing achieved by the women in my grandmothers' times. Women take part in most of these legendary religious origins, and they are the recipients of the most important religious rituals that are described. Although virtuousness is stressed in all aspects of our culture, it is interesting to note in these stories that most of the rituals are presented to women after they have had unusual relationships with mystical beings. Usually the rituals are given to the husbands or parents of the women by the mystical beings. This is in keeping with our tribal traditions, which allow a man to regain his honor for violating a wife or daughter by making generous presents to the husband or parents. However, the husband may refuse the presents and take, intsead, the life of the wife or lover, or both.

Another interesting fact about our tribal legends is that they account for the origins of many natural sights and phenomena that children would normally be curious about. In addition to specific origin stories for religious ceremonies and articles, and for such things as stars and constellations, we have the many legends of Napi, in which the origins for everything from the lands and mountains to sewing and tanning are brought out. Lacking the scientific knowledge of the modern world, my grandmothers settled for these legendary origins in any questioning. This kind of attitude might be called primitive by many today, but it worked just fine when the people were mainly concerned with living in harmony with nature, rather than with pursuing scientific theories. In other words, whatever my grandmothers couldn't explain to their children from actual knowledge they explained by the telling of a myth or an ancient legend.

The legends given in this book are only a small sampling of the many that existed. Each storyteller gave a slightly different version, depending on how it had first been told to her or him. Storytelling was a favorite pastime in the old days, and every interesting incident was told and retold. Even in my

On his way he came across a nest of young night hawks. "Where are your parents?" he asked them. "They are getting food for us," was the reply. Now he knew that these were the children of the two night hawks that had just saved his life. His ornery mood returned to him and he shouted at the young birds, "Your parents have just annoyed me greatly. They had no business spoiling my fun out on the prairie. No one asked them to break that stone apart." And with that he took the young birds and put his fingers in each one's mouth and stretched them wide. Then he took a stone and pounded their long beaks until they were quite crooked, and he said, "This is how your kind will look from now on." And that is why night hawks have large mouths and crooked beaks.

When the old night hawks returned and discovered what had happened to their children, they immediately flew off after Napi. Napi saw them coming and tried to run from them, but they caught up to him and began throwing stones at his robe. The night hawks told Napi, "You will not be bothered by your robe anymore after we are through with you." Each time they threw a stone, a piece broke off Napi's robe, until the last piece was knocked from his hand. As Napi ran, he turned his head to see if the night hawks were still coming after him. At that moment the birds each threw their last stone, which hit him directly in the mouth, knocking out all his teeth. The night hawks then returned to their nest, satisfied that they had revenged Napi's evil treatment. At Rocky Creek, near Calgary, you can still see the pieces of the big stone, lying in a row as they broke off.

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Ponah returned to her tipi while we were listening to Mokakin's last story of the night. Between stories, she had mentioned that her "old man" had often told Napi stories at home when she was still a child. She remembered sitting around the wood stove during winter blizzards,

fascinated by Napi's escapades. With a shy smile she added, "Now I know some of those stories that my dad never told me." She was referring to the ribald Napi adventures that were left out of the series when children were around. Wilson recorded his own versions of these naughty Napi stories that I later discovered had been "censored" when I heard the original, adult versions from our Old People.

Ponah told us that her dad's name was Iron, but that he was also called Center Speaker. He died not many years ago at the age of ninety-six. His father was the famous Ki-soum, or "Sun"—the same man Wilson called Moon. Ki-soum was a holy man, a doctor, and a minor chief as head of the Fish Eaters band. The confusion over his name can be explained this way: Although the common word for Sun in Blackfoot is *Natosi*, an older, seldom-used word is *Ki-soum*; and the word for Moon is *Gho-Ghomae-Ki-Soum*, or "Night Sun."

Iron is famous among our People for having been Keeper of more sacred Medicines than anyone else. Bundles of all kinds were transferred to him, and he, in turn, transferred them to others. I asked Ponah which of the sacred Bundles he was best at leading ceremonies for. She said, "Oh no, my dad didn't lead any ceremonies. He was too stingy. He always said, 'My prayers help me. I want to keep them for myself. I don't want to give them away.' That's why he never led ceremonies for other people." Iron's attitude about his prayers was somewhat unusual. He was long known for this philosophy. When his father, Ki-soum, died in 1898, Iron was the likely successor as chief of the Fish Eaters. However, the People of that band chose Eagle Bear instead. Eagle Bear was the husband of Otter Woman, Iron's sister.

One of Iron's brothers took his father's name, Ki-soum. He was a Weather Dancer during Medicine Lodge ceremonies. Another brother of Iron, Wolf Shirt, was famous for having great Power with our Medicine Pipes. Many Old

on to the west side of camp, where they again sat down to await anyone who wished to make offerings. They repeated this at the north and east ends, then returned to their lodge. 575 796 782

The next morning, people would have another opportunity to approach the Motokiks for prayers and blessings, this time in their lodge. There, the prayer seekers would be painted with the Center Pole design. We wished to have Mrs. Red Crow, the society's only remaining Scabby Bull, paint our son Wolf Child, so that he could add this blessing to his young life. [302] [123]

MINIPOKAIKS: THE FAVORITE CHILDREN

That evening, after the camp quieted down, we went next door again to visit Mokakin and Ponah. Eagle Ribs is always happy to entertain his guests with stories and talk. One of that night's subjects was *minipokaiks*—"favorite children." It was a tradition among our People for parents or grandparents to select a child as a favorite, one who showed particular promise to succeed in our Ways, given proper care and Teaching. If the parents of a minipoka went to many ceremonies, the child was likely to grow up to become a ceremonial leader. If the parents went to many social functions, the child was likely to learn much about leadership. Other minipokaiks, however, were simply spoiled and pampered so that they grew up expecting others to help them at the first sign of difficulty. Mokakin told us this legend, The Story of the Abandoned Children, about one minipoka of the long-ago. 574 [517] 593 858 [554] [155] 539 773

This happened a long time ago. I don't know how long. I heard the story told by others when I was young.

His father took the three oldest children back East and put them in school in Winnipeg. Charlie and his older sister were given to relatives on the reserve. His mother's brother, White Buckskin, took him and raised him in the Old Way, although he looked very much like his real father. Charlie's father came after him several times, to take him away to school, but old White Buckskin would always see him in time and sneak out a back window with Charlie to hide him in the brush. 736

Charlie and Rosie took on the care of the Long-Time Pipe in their old age. They had it "for four or five years," according to Rosie, and she still regrets giving the Pipe up to John Red Crane, who sold it to the museum. She said, "I would have never given it to that man, but he said he made a vow, so there was not much that I could do about it." 778 [425]

Charlie Davis never joined the Horns Society because old White Buckskin told him, "Your wife lives like a white lady, so you had better not join the Horns with her. She might do something wrong." 575 186

Rosie Davis wears glasses for reading but she gave up doing beadwork just a couple of years ago. She said she likes to read all kinds of books, but that some writers are "too far-fetched." She just got through reading *Bury My Heart at Wounded Knee*, and her conclusion was that she "liked it real well, but it was sad and pathetic." 523 517

[p. 343-B]

Buffalo Robes

In the daytime, save for the shouting of children at play, the great camp was quiet; but with the setting of the sun it livened up. Men began shouting invitations to their friends to come and feast and smoke with them. Members of the various branches of the *Ikuni Kahtsi* (All Friends warriors society) got together to sing and dance. At once in a hundred lodges there were various social gatherings—gatherings of old men, young men, old women, young women, chiefs and leading warriors, Sun priests. Evening always found me joining one or another of the lodge-fire circles to listen to the talk, and so I heard great tales of war, of hunting, and of the wondrous doings of the gods. In greatest demand were the tellers of humorous stories; they had so many invitations to social gatherings that they were rarely found at home. And theirs was clean humor; one never heard any obscenity in the lodges of the Blackfoot tribes.

What George Catlin had to say of the Mandans he visited in 1832—that they were kindly, courteous hosts—was equally true of the old-time Blackfeet. A man giving a feast-and-smoke stepped outside his lodge and shouted his invitations. One by one the guests came and were seated according to their standing in the tribe. The more prominent a man was—such as chief, Sun priest, warrior—the nearer he would be placed to the host. When all were seated, the women of the lodge placed dishes of food, the choicest that they had—boiled or broiled buffalo tongues, buffalo dorsal ribs, berry pemmican, stewed berries—before them, and the host, not eating, began cutting finely a mixture of tobacco for the smokes. At the same time he started the talk about something of general interest, or, perhaps, called on a certain one to tell of some thrilling experience he had had in hunting or at war; or, as often happened, a Sun priest would talk about the gods or relate a powerful vision that the gods had given him in the night. As the talk went on, all ate slowly, moderately, and in most pleasant manner, of their portions. Contrary to the general opinion of them, the Indians, anyhow the Blackfeet, were not gorgers of great quantities of food.

When all had finished eating, the host passed the filled big-stone bowl with its long stem to someone of the circle to light from the fire—always a Sun priest if one were present—and he, touching a coal

25: Ewers E,G-5 (1941-1951) 1963 NF6 Blackfoot NF6

BLACKFOOT INDIAN PIPES AND PIPEMAKING

By John C. Ewers

INTRODUCTION

The smoking of tobacco pipes played roles of importance in the religious, political, and social life of the historic Blackfoot Indians. Pipe smoking was an integral part of the involved ritual of opening sacred ceremonial bundles. It was an invariable part of the act of making peace with enemy tribes. In the early years of the fur trade Blackfoot chiefs smoked with white traders when they visited their posts before the exchange of goods began. An Indian whose word was doubted might solemnly swear by the pipe that his testimony was true. It was a common custom for a man seeking a favor of another Indian of his tribe to present him with a pipe at the time of making his request. If the pipe was accepted, he knew that his request would be acted upon favorably; if it was refused, he knew that it was denied.

Blackfoot etiquette called for the tipi owner to offer a pipe to male visitors to his lodge. However, my older informants of the 1940's stated that in their youth there were marked individual differences in the interest men took in smoking for pleasure. Some men rarely smoked except during their participation in ceremonies. Others spent a great deal of their leisure time puffing on their pipes. Most boys started to smoke when they reached their middle teens and began to join war parties. No ceremony was involved in a boy's taking his first smoke. He merely followed the actions he had so often seen his elders perform.

Strong arguments were used to discourage young men from smoking too much, as are indicated by the following Blackfoot sayings:

A young man who smokes too much has no wind.

If you smoke too much it will hurt your eyes.

The man who likes to smoke too much is the man who will draw the enemy when he is on a war party. The enemy will smell the smoke and be attracted to his location. Wild game will smell the smoke and will avoid the place where he is.

Girls did not smoke. But young married women learned to smoke when they attended ceremonies with their husbands. Older women usually were the only ones of their sex who smoked for pleasure.

36: Dempsey H-4,5 (1952) 1956 NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

SOCIAL DANCES OF THE BLOOD INDIANS OF ALBERTA, CANADA

By Hugh A. Dempsey

535 [517] FOR decades, social dances have been an integral and vital part of the daily life of the Blackfoot. Whether it be the simple steps of the Rabbit Dance or the intricate movements of the Chicken Dance, these Indians of the southern Alberta prairies accept social dancing as the favorite relaxation and diversion from their daily [178] toil. Even in modern times, the Indian who drives a late-model car or wears a business suit picks up the rhythm of the drums in the same way as his nomadic forefathers did a century ago.

535 178 [184] The Bloods, a branch of the Blackfoot nation, are perhaps one of the outstanding examples of Indians who are preserving many of the customs of the old buffalo-hunting days. While the younger set among their allied relations (the North Piegans and Blackfoot proper in Canada and the South Piegans in the United States) prefer modern square dancing and box socials, the Bloods still retain many of their traditional rites.

535 The most important social dance among this tribe of 2,100 Indians is the *see-pass-tui-pusk-kah* or Owl Dance. A simple shuffling step, it has been known to these people for less than forty years, yet it has eclipsed in popularity almost every other social dance held on the Blood Reserve.

The Owl Dance came to the Bloods during the early years of the First World War, in either 1914 or 1915, when it was brought into Canada by Bloods who had been [171] visiting in the United States. Informants believe it was first seen by the Bloods on the Crow Reservation in southern Montana and was brought back either directly from there or by way of the South Piegan Reservation in northern Montana.

When it reached the Bloods, the Owl Dance replaced the old Night Dance, another social dance which is credited with origin in the United States. In this dance, the couples simply faced each other and bent their knees slightly in rhythm with the drums.

The Owl Dance won immediate popularity among the Bloods, and many of the customs accompanying the Night Dance and earlier ceremonies were adapted to this new dance. The method of organizing an Owl Dance depended largely upon the social [121] life of the Bloods and their adaptation of early traditions. In order to explain the [182] method of organizing the social dance, it will first be necessary to study their social system.

575 561 Almost all male members of the Bloods belong to one of the fourteen societies on the reserve. Of these societies, thirteen have age group limitations; the fourteenth is the Horn Society, a sacred organization which has endured since pre-treaty days. The following is a list of age group societies existing on the Blood Reserve in January, 1953.

	Name of Society	*Age Group*
No. 1	Crow Indians	Over 85
No. 2	Shell Necklaces	78 to 85
No. 3	Fast Horses	73 to 78

joints of garments or containers by covering them with bands of decoration in beadwork or quillwork, or adding an ornamental skin fringe. This way of hiding the seams is demonstrated in the decoration of men's dress shirts made by the Blackfeet. Invariably, the long sleeve seams of the shirts are covered with decorated bands of ornamentation. (See illustration on page 47.)

The preparation of skins, and their manufacture into useful articles were laborious, time-consuming, even monotonous women's tasks. But they were very necessary ones for the Blackfeet. Most White people are inclined to overlook work in skins in favor of the more colorful and striking decorative arts of painting, quillwork and beadwork. It is not so with Indians. They are quick to notice and approve a finely dressed skin of soft, even texture and color, or a well made skin article. They are quick to reject a poorly dressed skin or a careless piece of sewing. Of the four major crafts, work in skins was certainly of basic importance. Women who were especially skilled in this work had a right to be proud of their ability.

PAINTING

Next to the dressing and sewing of skins, painting is probably the oldest of the major Blackfeet arts or crafts. Certainly it dates back to prehistoric times. Early traders and explorers found the Blackfeet living in painted lodges and wearing painted buffalo robes. The materials used in painting were readily obtained in the Blackfeet country.

Paints

Native paints were both numerous and ingenious. They were derived from animal, vegetable and mineral sources. Earth paints were most common. The Blackfeet employed a half-dozen different reds, providing colors of several hues and intensities. Red paints were prepared from crimson colored earth, and crushed, pale, reddish-yellow rock. A reddish brown was obtained by baking a gray or yellowish clay over ashes until it turned red. In the spring of the year the

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54: Lancaster F-3(1958-1966)1966 NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Piegan
Montana

said, *"Aht-sahpi-nâh-koh." "Ahk-sah-pén-a-koh,"* I know, means "Good daylight," and this apparently is a variant of the same word-phrase. Whether this new phrase has any special semantic significance—whether it is a personal form—I have yet to determine. Frankly, I doubt it. 122 [123] [196]

With the addition of tomato juice and canned cherries, the usual breakfast of pancakes and eggs was much improved. And after having eaten, after we had all slicked up—Jimmy helped the Chief to groom, plucking out his invisible-to-me chin whiskers and braiding his hair into four pigtails—we all went to town in my wagon. [302]

The Chief spent the entire morning sitting in the Tribal Office. The Tribal Office used to be the Tribal Store, and the place is still a country store-type meeting place for the tribal members. Out front is a large room with benches all along the walls and with a large storefront window looking out upon the sidewalk. The Tribal Office is the Forty-second street and Broadway of the Reservation; if you stay there long enough, you will eventually meet whomever it is you are seeking. The Chief was waiting for the old-timers to drop in so that he could invite them to my Sunday coming-out party, the Beaver Ceremony. 122 517 344 [203]

I passed the time in chatting with my Indian friends as they came by, and I was greatly annoyed when a White American escorted a group of Norwegian tourists into the place and began offering the proud old-timers a quarter to pose for a snapshot. Naturally the tourists were supposed to get in the picture too, bless their little passport photos. The whole situation had a definitely calefacient effect upon the seat of my pants, but what really incinerated my saddlepad was the way the man went about it—holding the quarter up between thumb and forefinger the way one holds up a cookie to a child, or a biscuit to a dog, and speaking in an indulgent, cajoling, pidgin English manner. The Blackfoots as a group are extremely courteous and will go to almost any length to avoid hurting a person's feelings. But when the occasion demands, they can be as rough as corncobs, and for a moment I manufactured a blissful vision of this particular *Nâhpiquon* scattering quarters frantically as he hot-footed it down the road, getting his hind-end barbered at every jump by the tomahawk of an armiferously aroused Blackfoot Indian. 122 197

Most of the old-timers either left immediately or smiled tolerantly and put on a me-no-speakum-English act, and when our boy tourist guide appealed to me for assistance—I look more Scandinavian than the tourists did—it gave me much emotional wampum to play dumb

with vermillion earth paint. Jimmy admonished me to make certain that when I arose again I should turn to the right and not to the left. I still don't know why, but after I had knelt and the Chief had painted my forehead and nose and cheeks and the part of my hair and had chanted a prayer for me, I was careful to do as Jimmy had directed.

Anyone who thinks that Blackfoot Indians stand around with their arms folded under their blankets, feeling sorry for themselves or otherwise wasting time, could not be more mistaken. Despite lack of educational and employment opportunity--despite lack of money and everything that lack of money implies--the Blackfoot of today holds to the perdurable courage and zest for living which is his heritage.

"Idleness is the devil's workshop," my grandmother used to say, and the devil would find very little working room among the Blackfoots. There is always something cooking on the Reservation. Last night there was a dance in town, this morning there was the Beaver Dance, and this afternoon, as soon as the ceremony was completed, everybody went barrelling across the prairie to the Starr School racetrack.

The racetrack is only about a mile behind Jim White Grass' house, and the Chief and Jim and I got there in time for the first race. I parked the station wagon between two other cars, and as I got out, an intoxicated younger-generation Indian stuck his hand out of a car window (why is it that all drunks want to shake hands!) and asked me who I was. I shook hands and spoke to him in Blackfoot and left him staring in the wide-eyed, drop-jawed posture of disbelief that only a drunk can portray. He was very young, and the only drunk I saw at the races.

Almost the next person I met was Stanley White Man, leading his palomino racehorse. I said, "Are you going to race the palomino, Stanley?"

Stanley said, "Yah, she's going ride her for me." Which, as anyone knows, meant that Stanley was going to enter the horse and that he had hired a jockey (male) to ride her for him. Stanley's horse lost.

The races were all match races, run over a straight, quarter-mile course. The finishline was flanked for many yards with cars and trucks, and the bet-takers were busily conducting business on the hood of an automobile. I was really quite pleased that I had represented the event so accurately in "Horserace."

The Chief was laying down bets along with the best of them. In-

461 above and the presence of this specialized task in the roll of "favorites." This favoritism conflicts with the proposition that the young Blood choose their "favorites" on the basis of success potential. However, as a relatively non-injurious, exciting, and widespread sport, it should be 529 ranked high by the young men of the Reserve. Today, there 541 is a Blood Indian roping club, composed of both adults and 517 young men. Its "jackpot" roping events are well attended by both the young men and the more proficient adult practitioners. Thus it is thought to be a "favorite" because of the desirable social and experiential aspects of the activity and not to be in conflict with the assertion that "favorites" are generally of high success potential. The Blood value this activity because of its athletic and competitive nature, because it is not highly injurious, because it fits closely the casual and free pattern of the stock raising complex, and because a number of Blood have been and are now successful at it. For example, at a recent All-Indian Rodeo in Browning, Montana, most of the recipients of "day-money" or the major prize money in Calf Roping were Bloods.

461 It is felt, therefore, that Calf Roping is another 554 example of the powerful pull of the Ranching-rodeo value orientation. These activities share attributes that are generally valued by the Blood, and it is felt that the Blood